Footprints of Fondness: St. Joseph School Memories.

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Personalizing the School Uniform and Friendly Interactions:

Regarding my uniform, I mention that it's a typical uniform, and I have wearing two plaits half tied and dark blue cut-out shoes instead of regular school sneakers. These personal touches help me feel good and express my unique style within the uniform guidelines. I also mention that I have pink beaded neckpieces, which add a touch of individuality to your attire😉.

When it comes to my interactions with classmates, I have a friendly approach and strive to be pleasant to everyone. I don't avoid anyone and have an open attitude towards connecting with others, without judging whether they will be beneficial or detrimental to me. This inclusive mindset fosters a positive and inclusive classroom environment.

Overall, it's evident that I have personalized elements in my daily routine and interactions, which contribute to my sense of self-expression and creating a welcoming atmosphere in my class.

Quarterly Exams and Special Moments During the Break:

The first round of quarterly exams began on September 10, 2012. During this time, I had limited interaction with most of my classmates. The exams lasted only half a day.

After a two-week break, I returned to my class. It was during this period that I finally saw Pradeep after two weeks and Koti Sai after five days. However, I was fortunate to spend time with Prici every day. During our quarterly break, I would often chat with Neeraja and Chandana.

During this break, Pradeep paid me a visit and surprised me by bringing a baby named Uvashree (Uva) to my house. I was filled with immense joy upon meeting her🤩. **Uva** was just 8 to 10 months old at the time. Pradeep had initially mentioned that they would arrive in ten minutes, but they ended up being delayed and arrived nearly two hours later. Despite the delay, the experience of spending time with Uva and Pradeep was incredibly special🥰.

On the day the school reopened, I made the decision to skip class in order to complete my holiday assignments. It was important for me to finish them in a timely manner, so I prioritized my tasks over attending class😌.

Mishaps and Confusions in Smart Class Attendance And Surprises and Mixed Emotions Due to School Exhibition:

We had a smart class, but I completely forgot about it and ended up sitting in my regular class. To my dismay, our class actually went to the smart class, and I found myself sitting among the 6th-grade students😅and got a junior small friend **jetley.** The teacher noticed my presence and had to call my father to bring me to the smart class. It was an embarrassing situation for me, and I felt uneasy.

The following week, on Thursday, I eagerly waited for the smart class session. However, during the morning prayer, an announcement was made instructing us to go to our respective classes instead of the smart class😑. This news greatly disappointed me, and I felt upset by the sudden change in plans.

To add to the confusion, the teacher had to call my father again, this time to inform him that there were no regular classes due to a school exhibition being held that day and the following day. I felt a mix of happiness and relief, as I didn't have to attend classes and could return home with a sense of contentment🥲.

Exam Anxieties and Seeking Comfort:

During the half-yearly exam, I would typically find myself sitting near the staff room, which made me feel extremely uncomfortable😖. I had a constant feeling that everyone was staring at me, and it made me uneasy. To alleviate my anxiety, I approached my teacher and requested them to accompany me to the exam room. The exam room was located on the first floor among my classmates.

As I entered the exam room, I noticed familiar faces. **Kaviya Akka** Senior sat next to me, followed by Prici. In front of me, there was Dinesh, my classmate, and Anish sat in front of Prici. It was reassuring to have familiar classmates around me, including Shyama and Naveen, which helped me feel more at ease in that exam room. However, despite the comfortable environment, I still faced the challenge of not having all the answers during the exam😅.

A Witness to a Dispute in the 12th-Grade Classroom:

Once, during my 11th grade, I found myself in the 12th-grade classroom, which was located on the first floor of the school building. The classroom was spacious and had a large seating area. During lunchtime, I was sitting and conversing with Prici and Sandy. Suddenly, a dispute broke out between three students named Sanjaykumar, Niranjan, and Chitranjan, and another student named Fasil. They were involved in a physical altercation right next to us.

Being seated on the last bench in the corner, I was a witness to the entire incident. I felt a mix of fear and concern as I watched Fasil being beaten by those students. After the altercation, they left the scene, and our teacher noticed the commotion. She specifically questioned me about the incident, knowing that I tend to be aware of what happens in the class. However, I chose not to disclose any information and claimed to know nothing about it. The teacher didn't take my response seriously, but she also did not press me further to reveal any details.

Meeting Junior Students from VBM School:

27-2-13 A group of junior students from VBM School came to our school for a practical session. While they were there, I had a conversation with Keerthi and introduced her to my friends. Later on, we also met Rama Bharathi, Akshay, and Lakshman.

Annual Exam and Feelings of Self-Consciousness:

On that day, I was in the seminar hall for an exam and was given a sitting bench while the other students, including those from Section A, sat on the floor. It made me feel a bit self-conscious. Additionally, I was seated in front of the staff room. I had only managed to complete three pages of the main sheet for the annual exam in Math's, and I had a feeling that I would fail, as I usually did😁.

Promotion Declaration and Concerns for Pradeep:

Our school organized a meeting regarding the promotion of 12th-grade students. During the meeting, I was preoccupied with Pradeep and some of my classmates. It seemed like Pradeep didn't want to leave my side, and I prayed for him to continue studying at our school because I believed in his abilities.

The next day, Sandy called me and informed me that some people had already received their Transfer Certificates (TC). This news caused me concern, especially for Pradeep. I didn't want him to leave our school as I couldn't imagine it without him. I felt that his class teacher and his father should have assisted him in resolving this situation.

While others on the list received their TCs within a few days, it seemed that Pradeep faced more challenges. However, he did receive a lot of support from his chemistry teacher, which I appreciated.

If Pradeep returns to school, I have decided to write 300 prayers as a way of expressing my longing for his presence. Without him, I couldn't find that comfort and connection with anyone else. It was disheartening to hear that he was instructed by the school administration to obtain his Transfer Certificate (TC). Slowly, I started accepting the reality of the situation, and I even contemplated talking to his father about it, although I wasn't sure where to begin.

Overwhelming Emotions and Praying for Pradeep:

When I arrived home from school, I couldn't control my tears. I knew that I would miss him dearly. I anticipated missing him while he wore the Luke's uniform. I would miss him during our school activities. During breaks and lunchtime, I couldn't help but look out of the windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of him passing by our class on Fridays during his Physical Education Training (PET) sessions. I constantly searched for him, yearning to know if he was there or not.

I had been contemplating this matter until last night. My mother noticed my somber mood and asked me about it, but I couldn't find the courage to discuss it with her. I sent a text message to Pradeep, but there was no response. I knew that if I called him, I would break down in tears, so I refrained from doing so. Instead, I simply texted him, urging him to continue his studies.

The following day, I woke up at 2:30 a.m., overwhelmed with emotions and found myself crying and praying for Pradeep's well-being. My brother noticed my distress, although he didn't pay much attention to it. It then occurred to me that I should reach out to Pradeep's

father once again. I am aware of how much he cherishes our school and the various activities it offers. Even my friends advised me to have a conversation with his father.

Pradeep's Departure and a Bittersweet Farewell:

I continued to send him text messages, and eventually, I received a response. However, our conversation didn't revolve around his TC or school matters; we simply engaged in casual and random conversations. It felt different from our usual interactions. Through our conversation, I sensed that he was going to leave the school and obtain his TC. I started mentally preparing myself for this outcome. He texted me, saying, *"pakki namba rendu perum yenga purinchu ponalum msg la touch la irukalam"* (we will stay in touch through messages even if we are apart)😢. Those words brought some comfort to me, although I still felt emotionally drained.

I knew I wouldn't see him at school anymore, but he promised to visit me at least once a week. I anticipated missing him greatly and longed to see him peering through the windows. Eventually, I witnessed SB (Sanjay) with Prici before he received his TC. I felt sorry for him☹️. While we were studying for an exam, he turned towards me with a smile and asked if I had finished reading. It was a bittersweet moment.

I couldn't help but blame the school for this situation. They selected students for the next grade based on their academic performance and behavior, causing some of our classmates to leave and pursue higher education. They were forced to discontinue their studies with just one year remaining. I fervently prayed for them to be given another chance, but unfortunately, it proved to be in vain.

"I never stopped looking for him through the windows."

SCHOOL MEMORIES…